

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

BENEFIT

—OF—

CARL ZERRAHN!

ON

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 1859,

—A—

GRAND CONCERT

WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE

BENEFIT OF CARL ZERRAHN.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with SOLOS, full CHORUS, and ORCHESTRA OF FIFTY, will be repeated, and will form the First part of the Programme.

The Second part will consist of Miscellaneous Music.

Mr. ZERRAHN will be assisted by

Mrs. HARWOOD,

Miss J. TWICHELL,

Mr. ADAMS,

Mr. POWERS,

Mr. J. EICHBERG, Violinist, and a Grand Chorus from the

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

THE GRAND ORCHESTRA,

Perfectly complete in all its details, will consist of FIFTY of the best Boston musicians.

Director and Conductor,.....CARL ZERRAHN.

Tickets Fifty Cents only,

To be had at the principal music stores, and at the door on the evening of performance.

Doors open at 6½ o'clock: Commence at 7½ precisely.

Press of E. L. Balch, 34 School St.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

E. The Ninth, or Choral Symphony, (D minor,) BEETHOVEN.

1. Allegro ma non troppo, un poco Maestoso. — 2. Molto vivace. — 3. Adagio molto e cantabile. — 4. GRAND FINALE, with Solos and Chorus, containing the celebrated

HYMN TO JOY,

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Joy, thou brightest heaven-lit spark,
Daughter from the Elysian choir,
On thy holy ground we walk,
Reeling with ecstatic fire.
Thou canst bind in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.
Myriads, join the fond embrace!
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss
Is a loving Father's place.

Who the happy lot doth share,
Friend to have, and friend to be—
Who a lovely wife holds dear—
Mingle in our Jubilee!
Yea—who calls *one* soul *his own*,
One on all earth's ample round:—
Who cannot, may steal alone,
Weeping from our holy ground.
Sympathy with blessings crown
All that in life's circle are.
To the stars she leads us, where
Dwells enthroned the great Unknown.

Joy on every living thing
Nature's bounty doth bestow,
Good and bad still welcoming;—
In her rosy path they go.
Kisses she to us has given,
Wine, and friends in death approved;—
Sense the worm has;—but in heaven
Stands the *soul*, of God beloved.
Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek him in yon starry sphere:
O'er the stars he governs all.

Joy impels the quick rotation,
Sure return of night and day:
Joy's the main-spring of Creation,
Keeping every wheel in play.
She draws from buds the flowerets fair,
Brilliant suns from azure sky,
Rolls the spheres in trackless air,
Realms unreach'd by mortal eye.

As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,—
Brothers, speed upon your way.

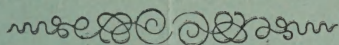
From Truth's burning mirror still
Her sweet smiles th' Inquirer greet;
She up Virtue's toilsome hill
Guides the weary pilgrim's feet;
On Faith's sunny mountain, wave,
Floating far, her banners bright;
Through the rent walls of the grave
Flits her form in angel light.
Patient, then, ye myriads, live!
To a better world press on!
Seated on his starry throne,
God the rich reward will give.

For the Gods what thanks are meet?
Like the Gods, then, let us be:
All the poor and lowly greet
With the gladsome and the free;
Banish vengeance from our breast,
And forgive our deadliest foe;
Bid no anguish mar his rest,
No consuming tear-drops flow.
Be the world from sin set free!
Be all mutual wrong forgiven;
Brothers, in that starry heaven,
As we judge, our doom shall be.

Joy upon the red wine dances;
By the magic of the cup
Rage dissolves in gentle trances,
Dead despair is lifted up.
Brothers, round the nectar flies,
Mounting to the beaker's edge;
Toss the foam off to the skies!
Our Good Spirit here we pledge!
Him the seraphs ever praise;
Him the stars that rise and sink;
Drink to our Good Spirit, drink!
High to him our glasses raise!

Spirits firm in hour of woe—
Help to innocence oppressed—
Truth alike to friend or foe—
Faith unbroken—wrongs redressed—
Manly pride before the throne,
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—
Wreaths to just desert alone—
Downfall to all falsehood's brood!

Closer draw the holy ring!
By the sparkling wine-cup now,
Swear to keep the solemn vow—
Swear it by the heavenly King!



PART II.

1. Overture : " The Huguenots,"-----MEYERBEER.
2. Concerto for Violin,-----BEETHOVEN.
MR. JULIUS EICHBERG.
3. Aria : " Roberto Devereux,"-----DONIZETTI.
MRS. HARWOOD.
4. Allegretto Scherzando from the Eighth Symphony, BEETHOVEN.
5. Overture : " Martha,"-----FLOTOW.

